Gladstone

WALT DISNEY'S COMICS AND STORIES

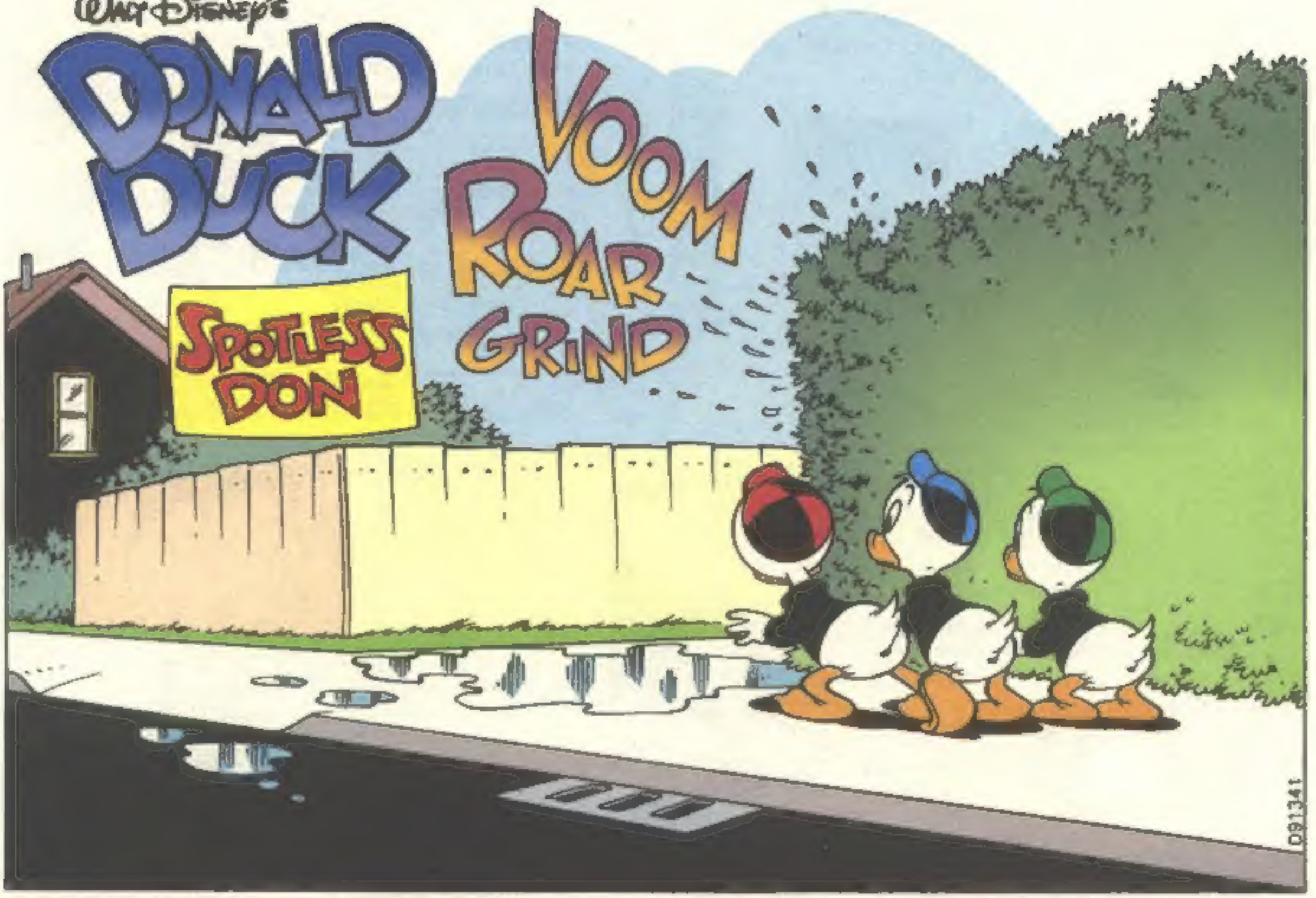
588 $1.50 DEC
$2.00 CANADIAN

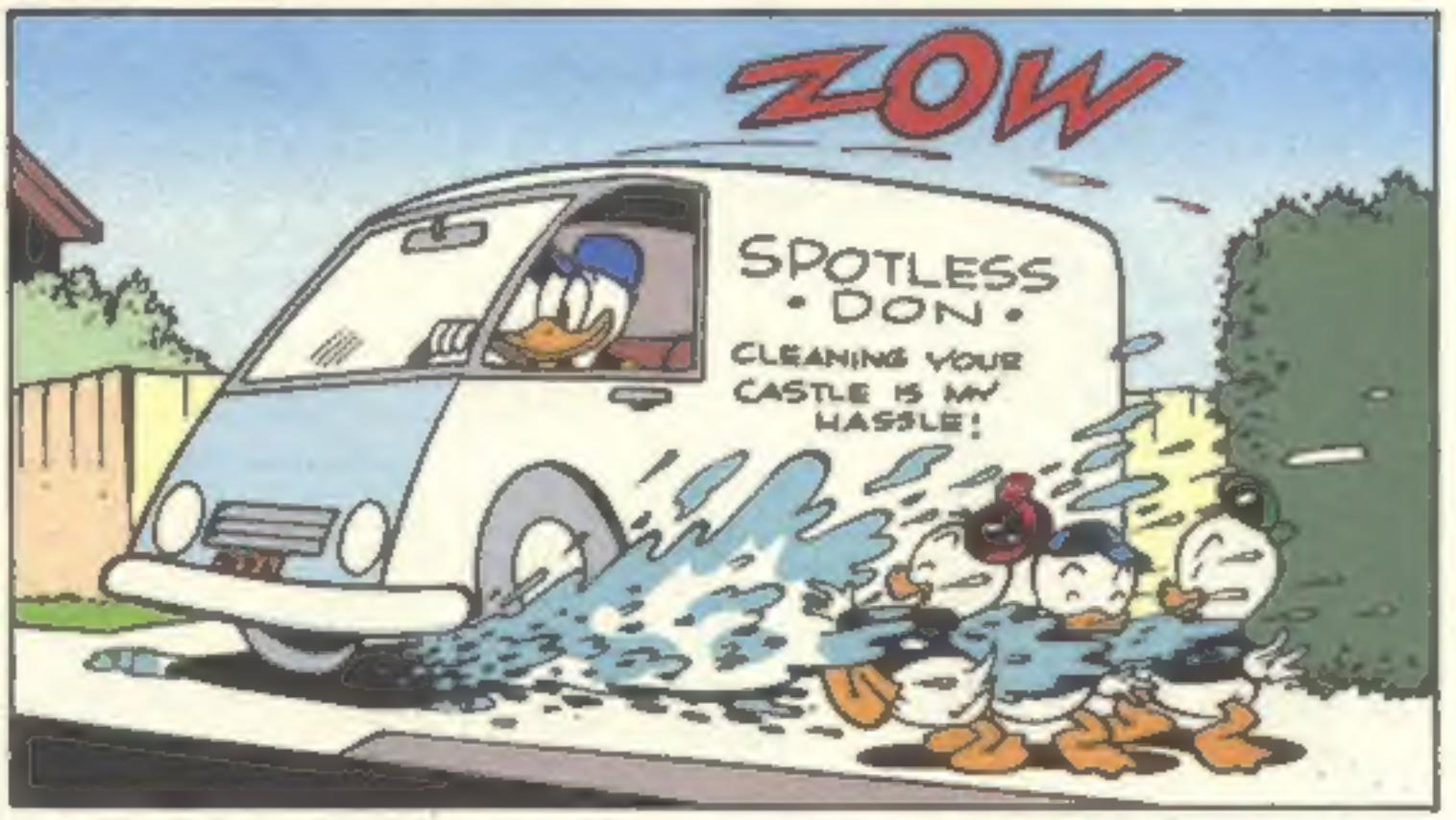
SPOTLESS DON

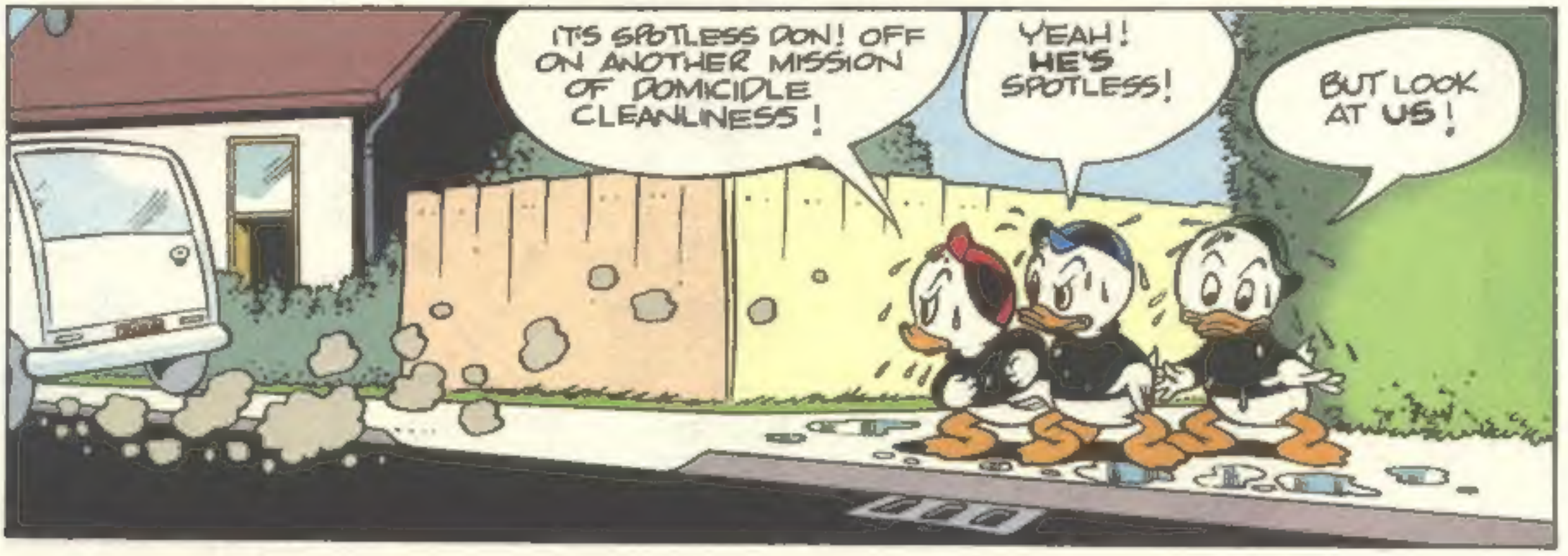
Walt Disney's

DONALD DUCK

VOOM ROAR GRIND







EVER SINCE UNCA DONALD STARTED HIS HOUSE CLEANING SERVICE HE'S BEEN A **FANATIC** ABOUT NEATNESS AND ORDER!

HE DOESN'T EVEN WANT US TO WORK ON OUR JUNIOR WOODCHUCK MERIT AWARD EXPERIMENT IN THE GARAGE BECAUSE WE MIGHT MAKE A **MESS**!

PHOOEY ON UNCA DONALD!

WE'VE GOT UNTIL NOON TO FINISH THIS PROJECT IF WE'RE GOING TO BE IN TIME FOR THE COMPETITION!

AND IF WE WIN WE'LL BE PROMOTED TO I.S.D.O.C.W.I. T.K.U.A.T.S.!*

*IMPOSSIBLY SUBLIME DOYENS OF CHEMICAL WIZARDRY IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE AND THEN SOME!

AND THAT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN A CLEAN OLD GARAGE ANY DAY!

DONALD'S MORNING GOES AS DONALD'S MORNINGS ALWAYS GO IN HIS NEW FOUND PROFESSION!

I'M SO GOOD AT SWABBING OUT HUMBLE LITTLE DUMPS LIKE THIS THAT IT'S GETTING DOWNRIGHT BORING!

IT'S NOT EASY FOR A **BIG-TIME** GUY LIKE ME TO DO NOTHING BUT SMALL-TIME JOBS LIKE THIS!

NONETHELESS-

MY HOUSE LOOKS GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT, MISTER DUCK! I DECLARE, YOU'RE AN ABSOLUTE **GENIUS** AT CLEANING!

YEAH . . . A SMALL-TIME GENIUS!

I'VE GOT DOZENS OF HUMDRUM CUSTOMERS IN HUMDRUM HOUSES!

WHAT I NEED IS A CHANCE TO SHOW WHAT I CAN DO BY CLEANING ONE OF THOSE VAST MANSIONS UP THERE IN SIMOLEON HEIGHTS!

AND LO, THE FATES DOTH SMILE!

LOOK AT THAT MANIAC! HE CANT WAIT TO GET TO THE NEXT STOPLIGHT!

NOW

GREAT GOBS OF GHASTLINESS! ME AND MY NEW SWOONSUDDEN NINETY NINE ARE A **MESS**! I CAN'T GO TO THE NATIONAL GILT DOORKNOB SOCIETY AWARDS BANQUET LOOKING LIKE **THIS**!

HOT DOG! NOW'S MY CHANCE!

NOT TO WORRY, SIR! SPOTLESS DON WILL HAVE YOU AND YOUR CAR SAFFY IN A JIFFY!

AND SURE ENOUGH!

SPOTLESS DON, EH? HAW! WONDERFUL! I WISH I HAD SOMEONE AS FAST AND EFFICIENT AS **YOU** CLEANING THAT MOLDY OLD MANSION OF MINE!

YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND, SIR!

OOM

EXCELLENT! THEN YOU CAN START AT ONCE! MY NAME IS CLUTCHMORE J. GOBBLEGOLD, AND I'M AT 1133113 BUFFORDHINGTON DRIVE!

YES, SIR! THANK YOU, SIR! I'M ON MY WAY!

OBOYOBOY! THE BIG TIME AT LAST! I'M GOING TO NEED A LOT OF **SUPPLIES** FOR A JOB THIS SIZE!

MEANWHILE, THE BOYS HAVE COMPLETED THEIR EXPERIMENT!

THIS CHEMICAL COMPOUND WE'VE COME UP WITH IS REALLY **WEIRD**!

I'LL SAY! ONE TINY DROP TURNED THIS ROCK TO **PUTTY**!

AND LOOK AT THIS! METAL GETS **MUSHY** AND WOOD **WILTS**!

ANYTHING **SOLID** AND **HARD** TURNS **SOFT**!

FUNNY! IT DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY EFFECT ON **GLASS**!

GOOD! THEN WE CAN STORE OUR COMPOUND IN ONE OF UNCA DONALD'S EMPTY OLD DETERGENT BOTTLES!

WITH AMAZING STUFF LIKE THAT WE'RE A CINCH TO WIN THE COMPETITION **AND** THE PROMOTION!

WE MIGHT EVEN RECEIVE SEVERAL GALLONS OF MEDALS TO BOOT!

CAN THE CACKLE! WE'VE JUST GOT TIME TO GET INTO UNIFORM AND MAKE IT TO THE MEETING!

I'LL USE A NEW MOP AND BROOM FOR THIS JOB, AND MY FIRST CLASS WAXES AND POLISHES, TOO!

NOW, AM I FORGETTING ANYTHING?

OF COURSE! A FRESH BOTTLE OF DETERGENT! I'D BE UP THE CREEK BUT GOOD WITHOUT THIS STUFF!

ACE DETERGENT

MERE MINUTES LATER-

THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE ON BUFFORDINGTON DRIVE HAVE ADDRESSES THAT READ LIKE THEIR BANK ACCOUNTS!

3321021

NOW WHAT WAS THAT ADDRESS? 3131... NO... 13313... NOPE! THAT'S NOT IT EITHER!

AH! HERE IT IS! 3311331! WHAT A LAYOUT!

3311331

SPOTLESS DON.

NICE LAYOUT, BUT THE WRONG ADDRESS!

HMM! NOBODY HOME! WELL, THE FRONT DOOR IS OPEN, SO I GUESS THEY'RE EXPECTING ME TO JUST GO ON IN AND GET BUSY!

I'LL START UPSTAIRS AND WORK MY WAY DOWN!

AND SO.

SPOTLESS DON STRIKES AGAIN! I CAN ALMOST SEE MY FACE IN— OOPS!

BONK

I'LL BE DOGGONED! THESE RICH FOLKS EVEN HAVE **SOFT** BATHTUBS! FUNNY I DIDN'T NOTICE THIS A MINUTE AGO!

WAK! AND **RUBBERY FLOORS**, TOO!

WHAT THE DING-DONG IS GOING ON HERE? I ALWAYS THOUGHT THESE OLD MANSIONS WERE AS **SOLID** AS FORT KNOX!

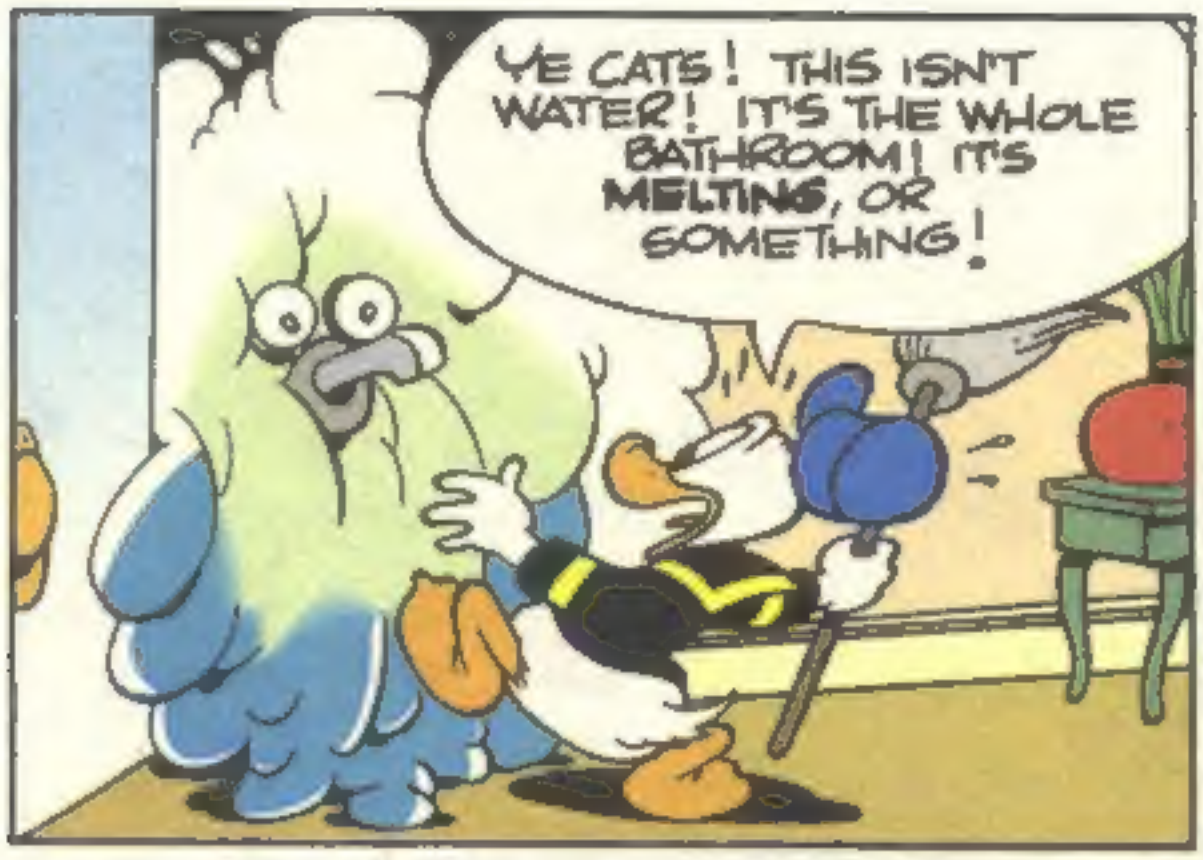
TIME PASSES!

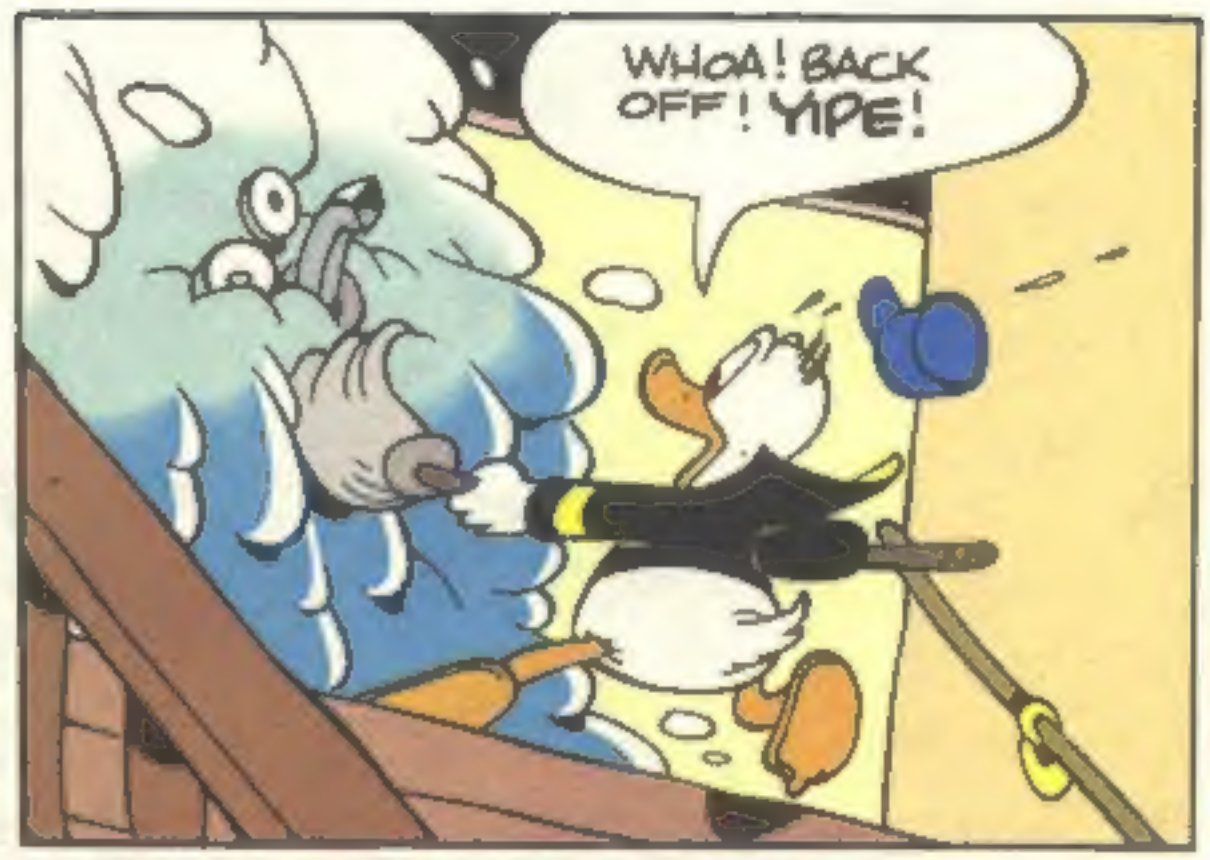
THERE! THE SECOND FLOOR AND THE STAIRCASE ARE DONE! NOW FOR THE MAIN—

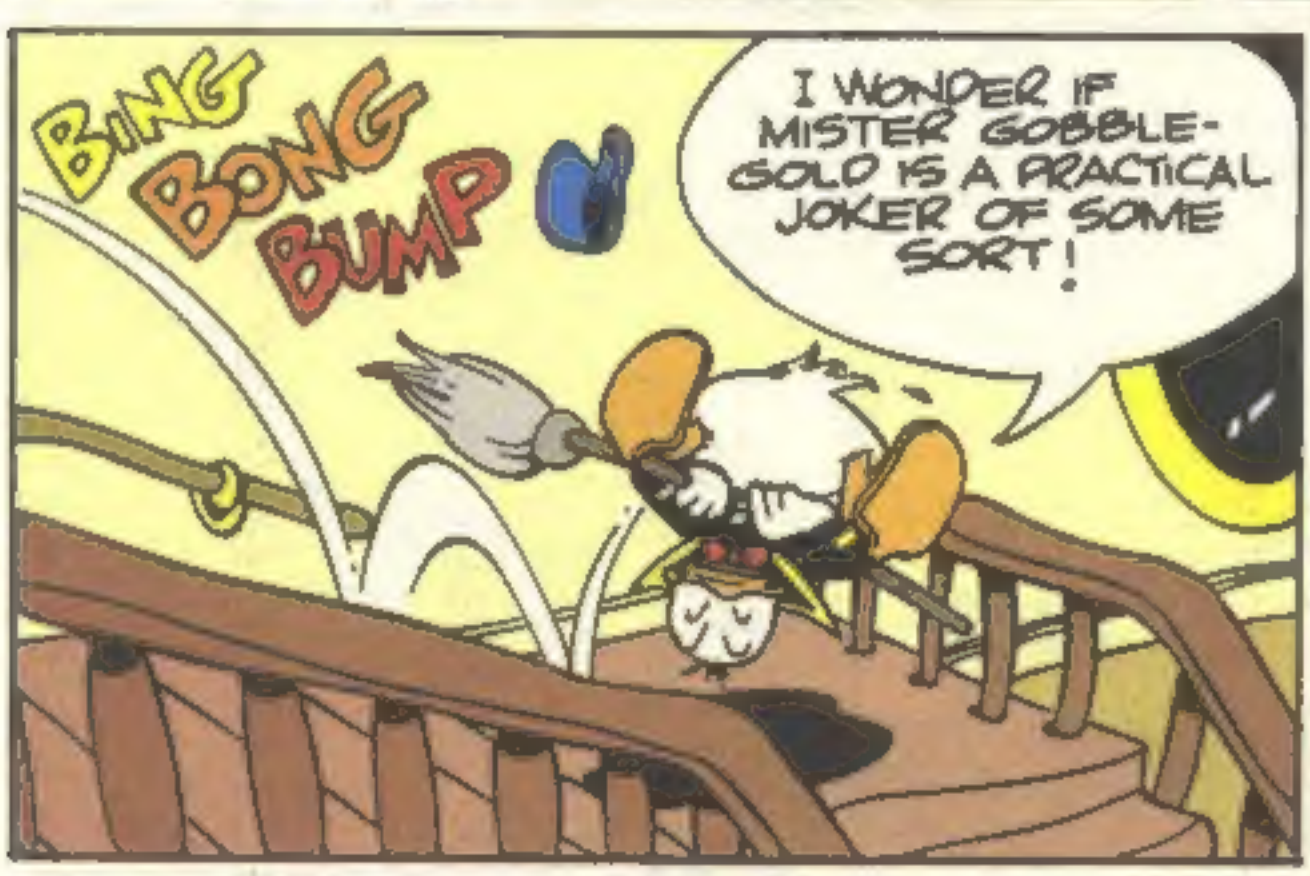
SLISH SLURP

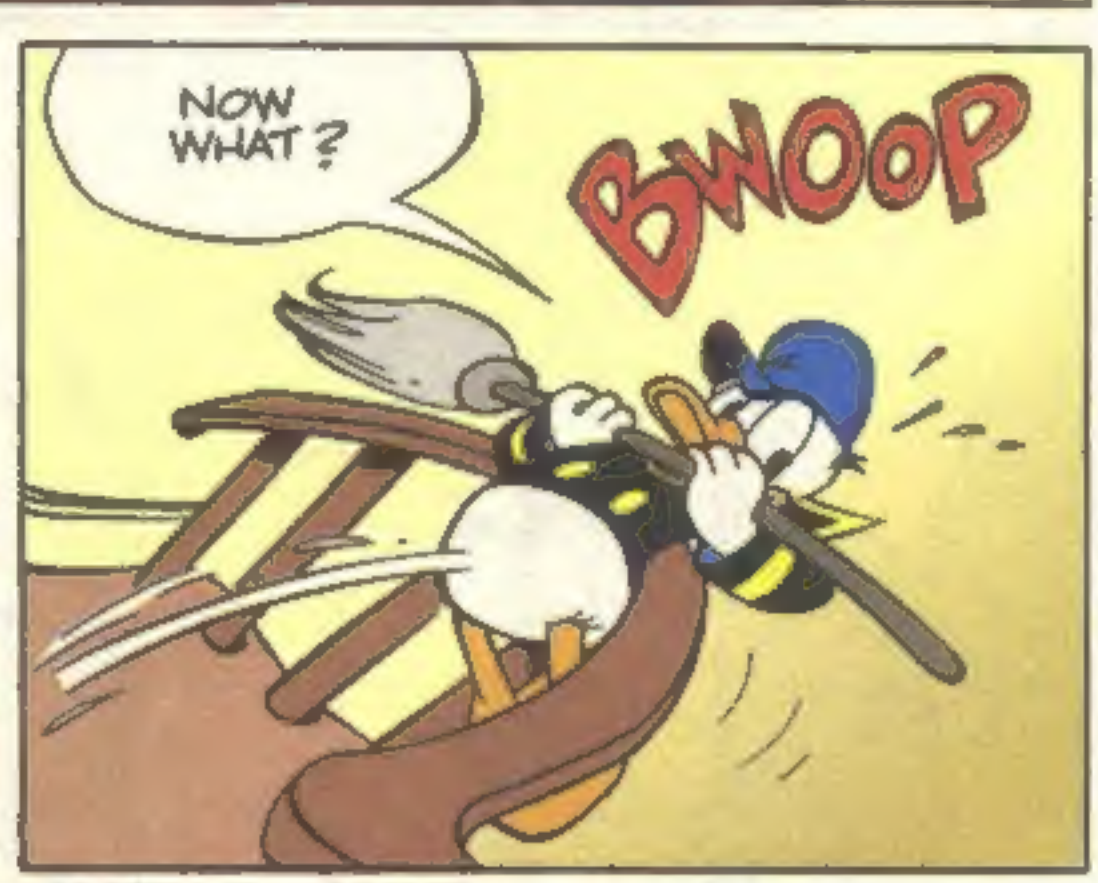
WHAT THE BLAZES? IS SOMEONE UP THERE? THAT SOUNDS LIKE WATER FLOWING!

UH, OH! I MUST HAVE LEFT A TAP RUNNING! IF THE WATER RUINS THESE GORGEOUS HARDWOOD FLOORS, MISTER GOBBLEGOLD WILL HAVE A **FIT**!

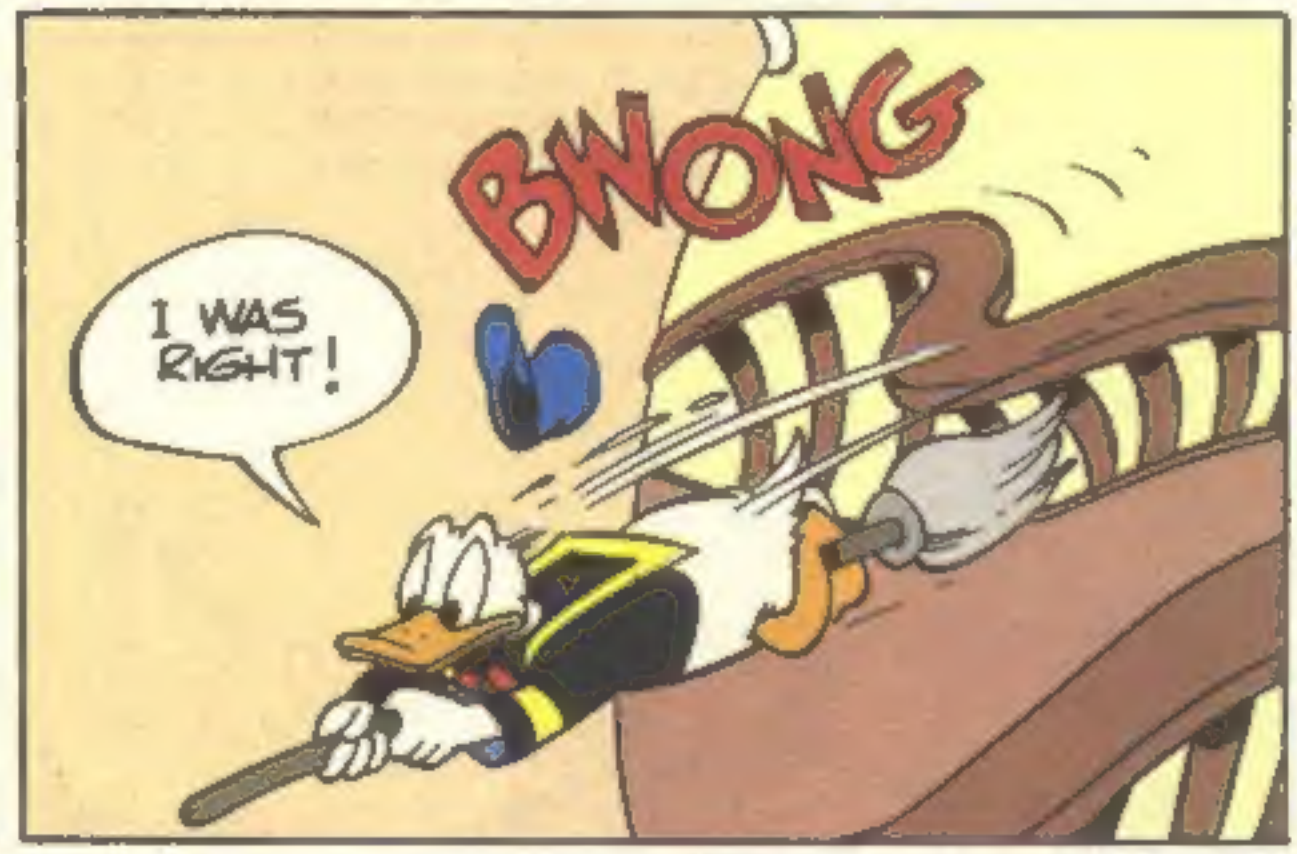

YE CATS! THIS ISN'T WATER! IT'S THE WHOLE BATHROOM! IT'S MELTING, OR SOMETHING!

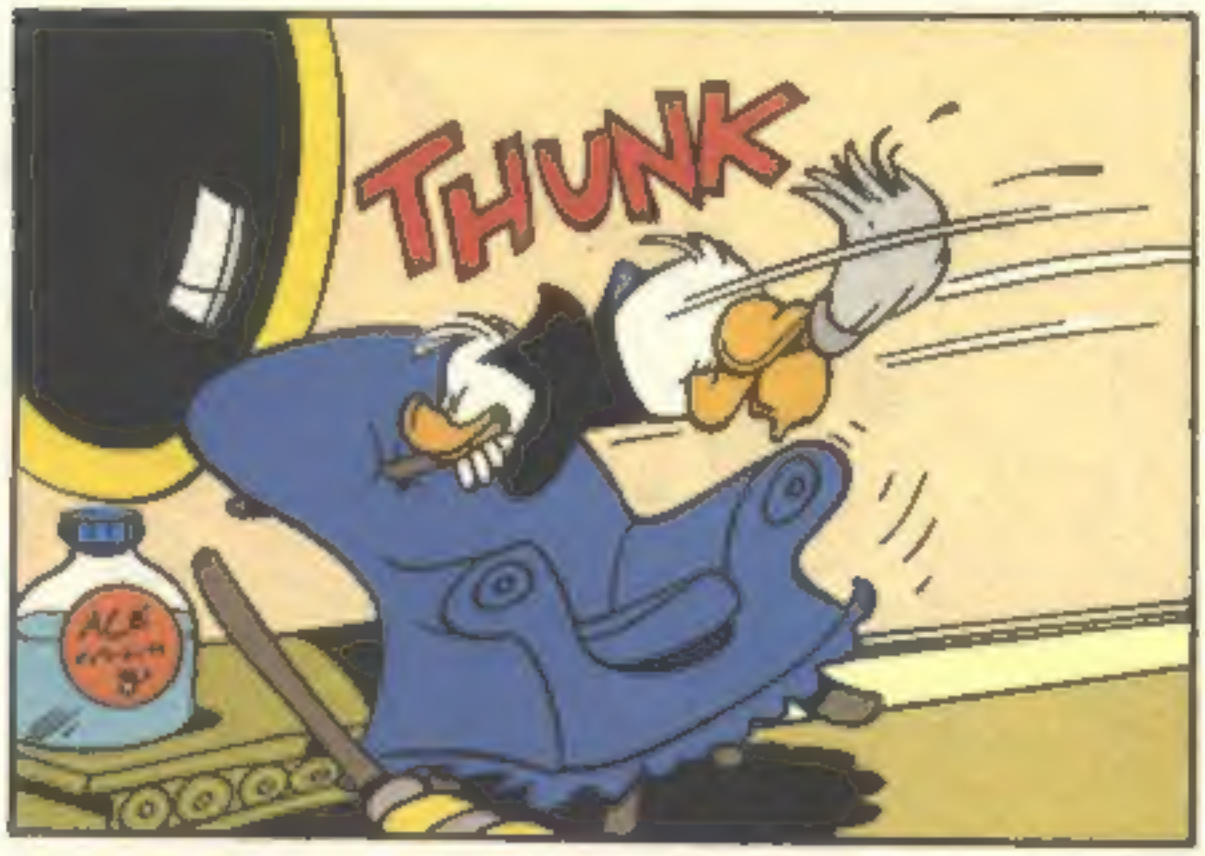

WHOA! BACK OFF! YIPE!

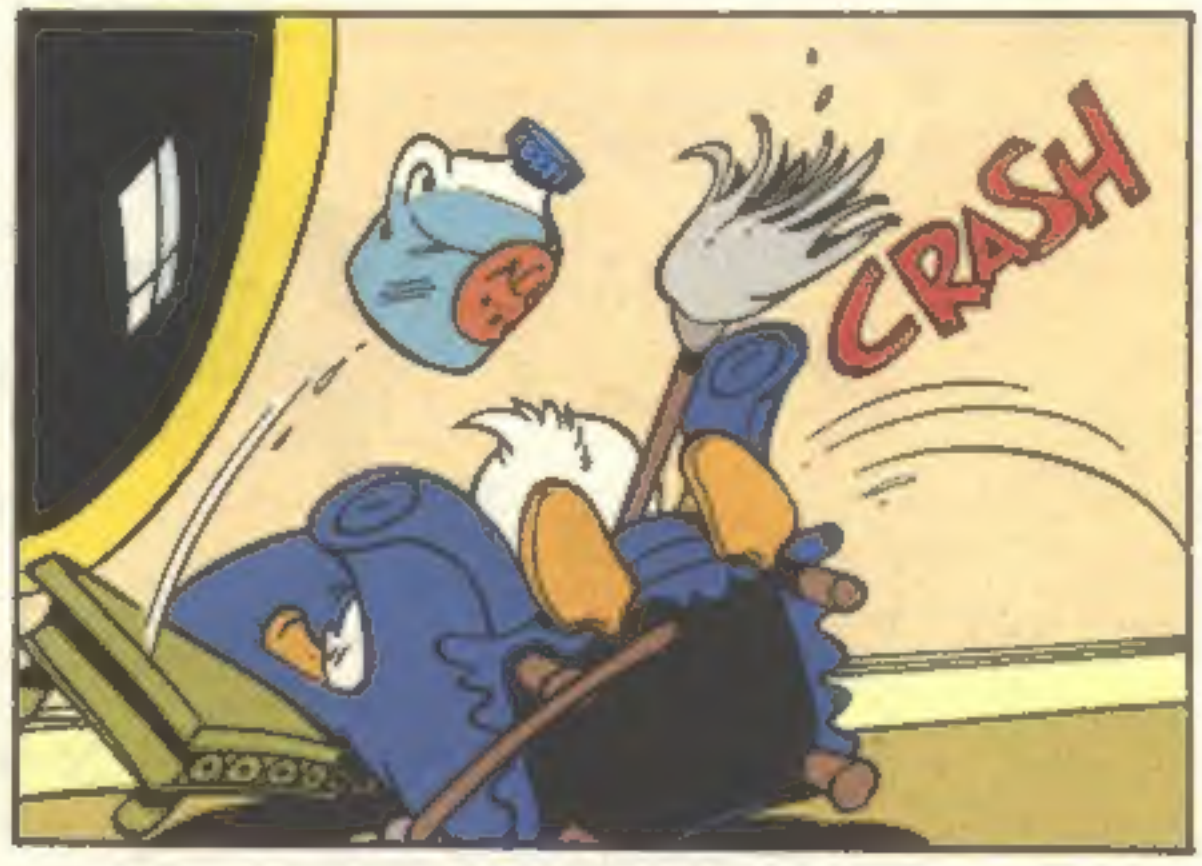

BING BONG BUMP
I WONDER IF MISTER GOBBLE-GOLD IS A PRACTICAL JOKER OF SOME SORT!


NOW WHAT?
BWOOP

I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS!
BWANG


I WAS RIGHT!
BWONG


THUNK
ALE


CRASH

SPLOOSH

HOW CAN SO MANY THINGS GO SO WRONG IN SO SHORT A TIME?

I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND HOW A WAFFLE FEELS!

THE QUESTION IS: DO I STAND AND FIGHT THIS MESS AND PRESERVE WHAT'S LEFT OF MY REPUTATION, OR DO I **RUN**?

BLOMP

SO MUCH FOR THE BIG TIME!

GLOM

THANK GOODNESS THE BOYS AREN'T HERE TO WITNESS MY HUMILIATION!

AH, BUT THE BOYS HAVE A LITTLE PROBLEM OF THEIR OWN!

YOU MEAN WE DON'T GET THE PROMOTION, SIR?

I'M SORRY, MEN! BUT AS FAR AS I CAN SEE, THIS MIRACLE COMPOUND OF YOURS IS NOTHING MORE THAN **ORDINARY** ALL PURPOSE...

...DETERGENT!

ACE DETERGENT

DETERGENT?

UH, OH! ARE YOU GUYS THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?

YES! IF **WE'VE** GOT UNCA DONALD'S DETERGENT BY **MISTAKE**, THEN... THEN...

YEAH! HE'S GOT **OUR** COMPOUND!

WHICH MEANS THAT HALF OF DUCKBURG COULD BE IN **RUINS** BY NOW!

NOT QUITE, BOYS! JUST ONE LARGE OLD MANSION!

THERE'S GOT TO BE AN EXPLANATION FOR ALL OF THIS! I JUST WISH I KNEW WHAT IT WAS!

AND I DREAD TO THINK WHAT MISTER GOBBLEGOLD IS GOING TO SAY!

FABULOUS JOB, YOUNG MAN! ABSOLUTELY **FABULOUS**!

WHO'RE **YOU**?

I'M THE OWNER OF THIS PILE! WHO'D YOU THINK I WAS, THE MAHARAJAH OF KINDAPOOR?

BUT YOU'RE NOT CLUTCHMORE J. GOBBLEGOLD!

THAT PIKER? I SHOULD SAY NOT! I'M P. CASHALOT BLOAT! I HIRED SOMEBODY TO DEMOLISH THIS OLD DUMP, AND IT'S BEEN DONE FASTER THAN I DREAMED POSSIBLE!

AND FOR THAT I'M GOING TO DOUBLE YOUR FEE! BECAUSE YOU, YOUNG MAN, ARE AN ABSOLUTE **GENIUS** AT **DEMOLITION**!

THUS-

WE ARE EVER WITNESSES TO THE UNLIKELY!

DEMOLITION • DON •

NOTHING STANDS IN MY WAY!

YEAH! BUT LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE! NOW UNCA DONALD DOESN'T CARE HOW MUCH WE MESS UP THE GARAGE, OR ANYTHING ELSE!

THE END

Walsh of Tomorrow

by Geoffrey Blum

In the later years of World War II, America's popular press, casting about for some positive angle on the great conflict, began pushing the dream of a glorious new world to rise from the ashes of battle. Turned to peacetime uses, our formidable science should guarantee no end of comfort and civilization: the nation would become a technological utopia. The idea was still going strong in the 1960s, when television series like **The Jetsons** pictured man's future as slick and streamlined, all robot servants and pushbutton meals

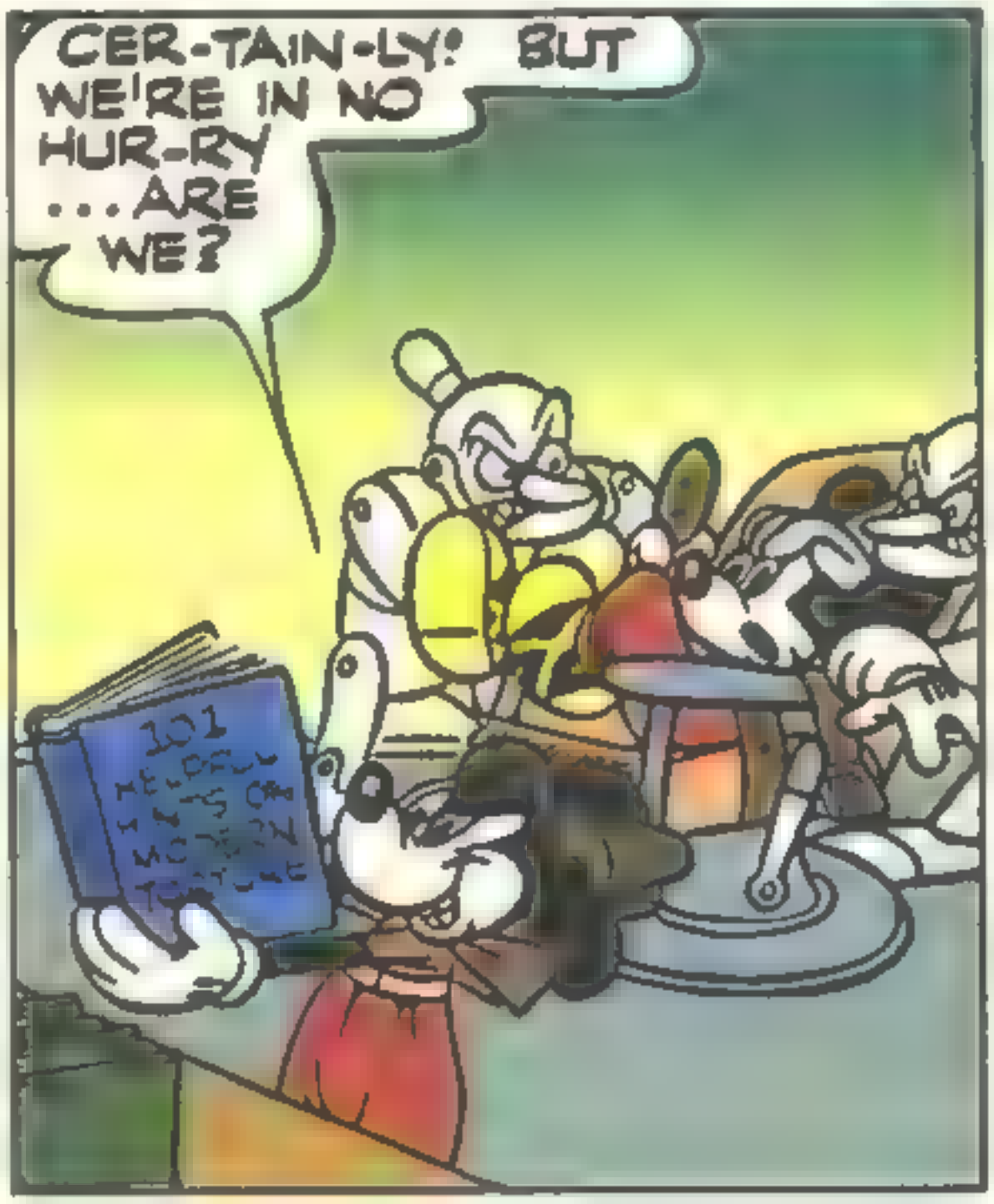
Bill Walsh wrote "The World of Tomorrow" partly to spoof this concept, partly to reveal the dark side of mechanization. Previously a gag writer for George Burns and Gracie Allen, Walsh had signed on at the Disney Studios in 1943. His first efforts on the **Mickey Mouse** comic strip were written with close supervision and considerable editing from veteran artist Floyd Gottfredson. In "The World of Tomorrow," however, one gets the impression that Walsh was given his head. The plot is wilder than anything Gottfredson would have penned, and there is a gothic edge to the action that makes the jokes trenchant and the thrills genuinely scary. Gottfredson had built his own continuities around the simple formula of Mickey *versus* Peg-Leg Pete. Whatever airborne islands or atomic rays were on hand to lend zest to the struggle, the mentality of each story remained constant: Mickey was always a resourceful hometown kid battling to get at the crook pulling the levers. In Walsh's tale, the machinery—indeed, the whole element of fantasy—becomes more pervasive and thus more unsettling. We can still identify a villain behind the controls, but suddenly the entire world seems threatening as well.

This is due in part to the spontaneous quality of Walsh's writing, which gives "The World of Tomorrow" a surreal flavor. The introductory sequence—a month's worth of daily strips—rollicks from one gag to the next with no indication of a plotline to come. By the time Pete and his robots finally step in, the reader is as disoriented as Mickey. Even with Minnie kidnapped and our hero in hot pursuit, Walsh was inclined to interrupt the action with gags about criminal bacteria and cotton-candy clouds—details that are nothing more than one-time punch lines.

On the other hand, he unified the plot by creating a growing sense of menace, building to the revelation of Pete's plans to take over the world. Indeed, the story shows its wartime origins through a rather frightening preoccupation with military concerns. Walsh was careful, of course, to stay within the Disney limits of tact and taste, and diffused his horrors by joking about them; but in the end, it is the strong medicine that lingers. Though a line of dialogue reveals that Pete's bombs are only filled with "sneezin' rain," our gut response to the visual image is row on row of mammoth warheads. Similarly, when Mickey's mechanical double picks up a book titled **101 Helpful Hints on Modern Torture**, we may chuckle over the gag about systemized violence, but what sticks in our mind is that vicious pair of tongs brandished by a waiting robot. Most telling, this story consummates the threat of death which was only lurking in Gottfredson's tales, as we see Mimi, the Mekka girl, blasted to cinders. Walsh's attempt to soften the blow by turning the adventure into an hallucination is more contrived than comforting.

Throughout the nightmare, Mickey remains resourceful in little ways, such as devising a homemade gas mask, but the character who takes decisive action is Mimi. The slow and steady stratagems which gave Mickey a measure of control in earlier stories, allowing him to defeat adversaries like the Phantom Blot, will no longer function, for Walsh's world is too chaotic. Most of the time, it's all Mickey can do to keep a whole skin.

Walsh wrote quickly and wrote from emotional depths which the stoic Gottfredson seldom tapped. "My line is fantasy," Walsh once explained. "Fantasy is very much a part of the modern predicament, and people fantasize a great deal. It's an escape mechanism." The strength of his involvement with Mickey is shown by the fact that he refused for many years to yield the strip to another writer, even after setting to work on major films like **Mary Poppins**. As a result, he has left us two legacies, diverse in their media but not in their message. His Mickey and his Mary ride life like a giant carousel, each trying to pluck some measure of order or humor from the mad whirl.



WALT DISNEY'S

MICKEY MOUSE

THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

KFS 7/31 11/11/44

GOSH, MORTY... SCIENCE HAS PLANNED WONDERFUL THINGS FOR US!

I INVENTED A SIMETIFIC SLING-SHOT, UNCA MICKEY!

Age of Tomorrow

HAVEN'T I FORBIDDEN YOU TO...ER... LET ME LOOK AT THAT!

HOW DOES IT... AWK!

GEE, UNCA MICKEY... YOU BROKE MY SAFETY SLINGSHOT!

I'M SORRY ABOUT THE SLINGSHOT, UNCA MICKEY!

BETTER GET A DOCTOR! I FEEL DIZZY!

BUZZZZ-Z

TIME THAT KID GOT BACK!

PLUTO! WHAT.....

QUEER! WHO LEFT THE BOX HERE, PLUTO.?..?

THIS IS VERY MYSTERIOUS, PLUTO – WHO COULD HAVE....?

LOOK! THERE'S NOTHING IN IT! NOTHING AT ALL!

HUH....?

PLOP!

Dear Mr. Mouse: Wear this invisible cloak and the wonders of the post war world will be revealed.
A Friend of Science

ONE OF OUR PROFESSOR FRIENDS MUST HAVE... GOSH... WHERE'S THE SLEEVE IN THIS THING?

WELL... IT'S HALF-ON AND... LOOK!

I PUT THE INVISIBLE CLOAK ALL THE WAY ON... AND PLUTO! ...WE'RE IN THE POST-WAR WORLD!

WUFFF...?

HAPPY-VALE DAIRY

LEVEL FOUR ROUTE 6

G-GOSH!...I HOPE NOTHING'S CHANGED YOU, PLUTO....

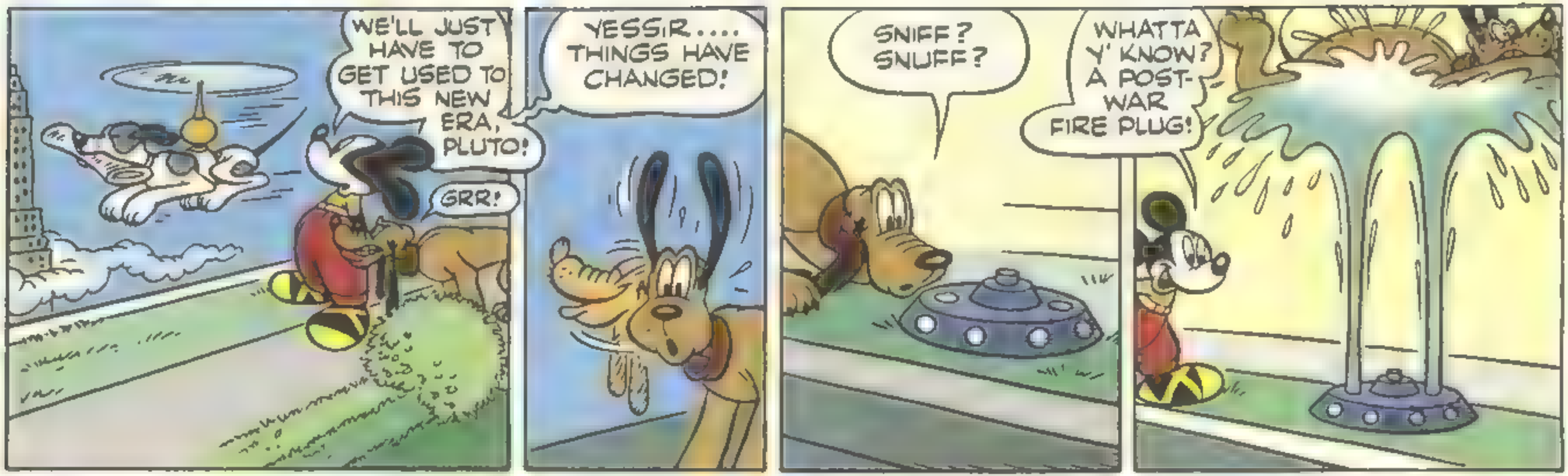
FLEAS! DOGGONE IT... NOTHING COULD CHANGE YOU! YOU'RE STILL THE SAME OLD MUTT!

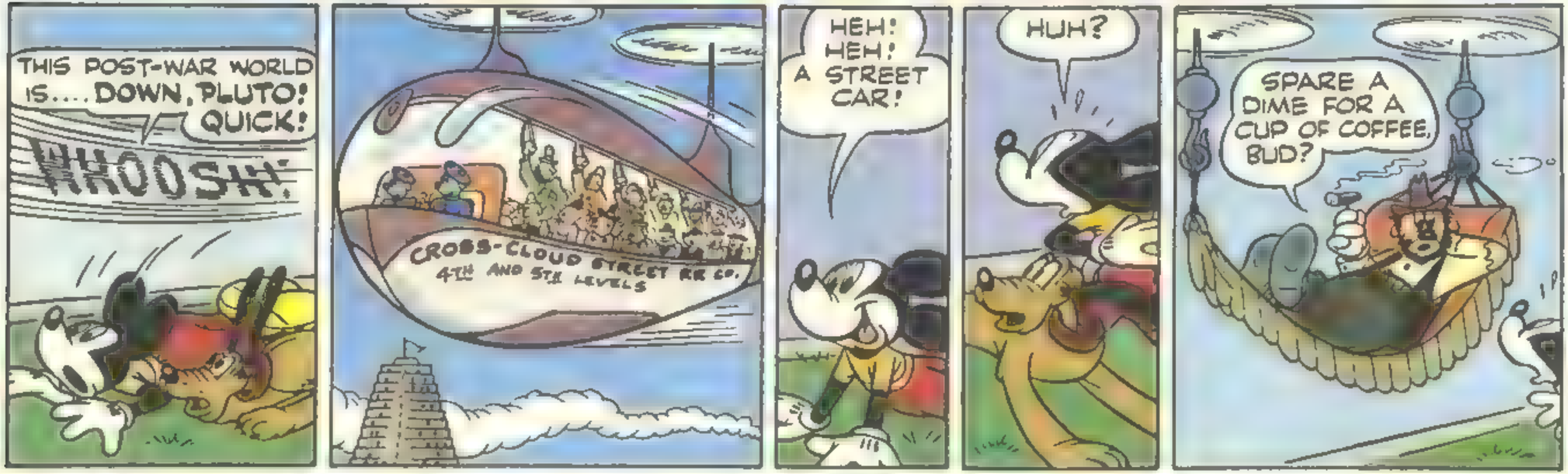
IMAGINE! HERE WE ARE IN THE POST-WAR WORLD!

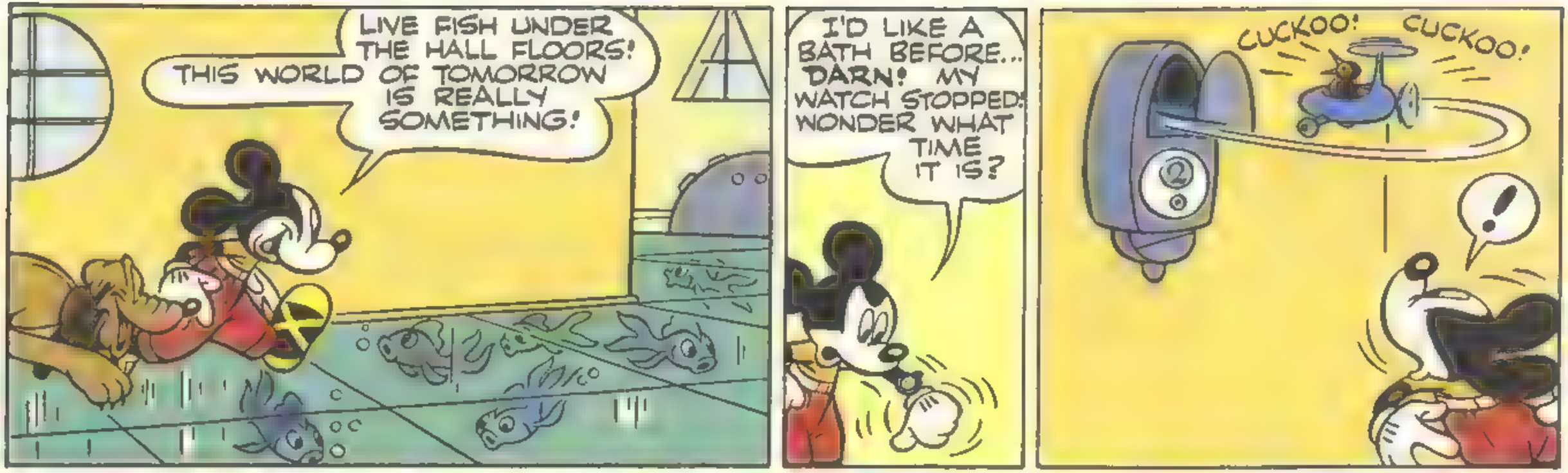
AWWWWK!

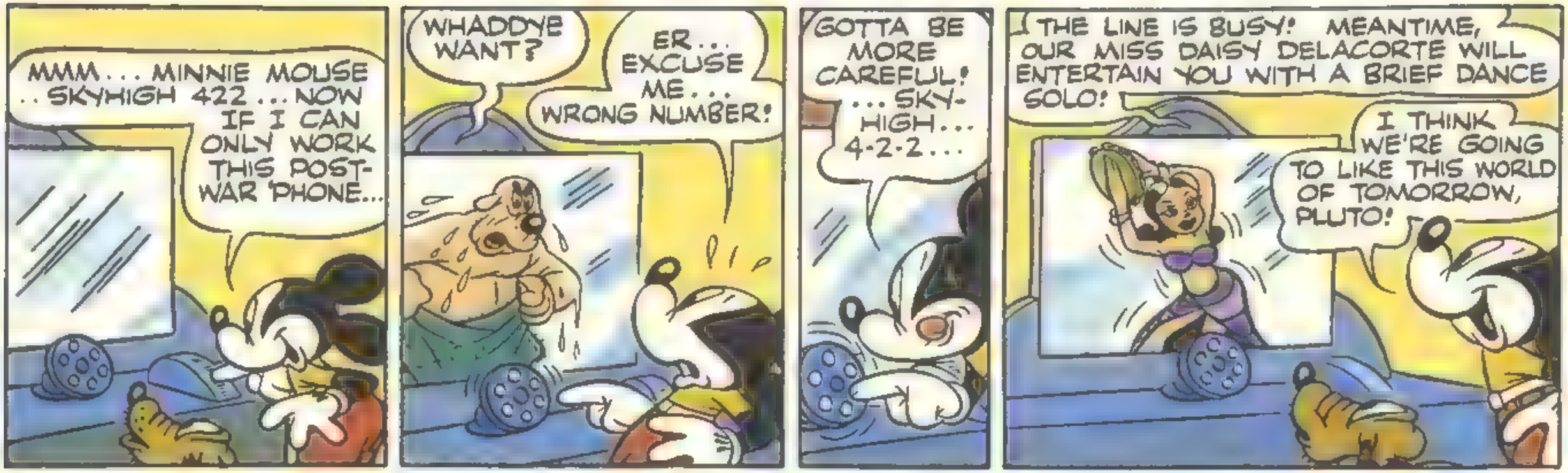
"PRETTY LITTLE WHITE WINGS..."

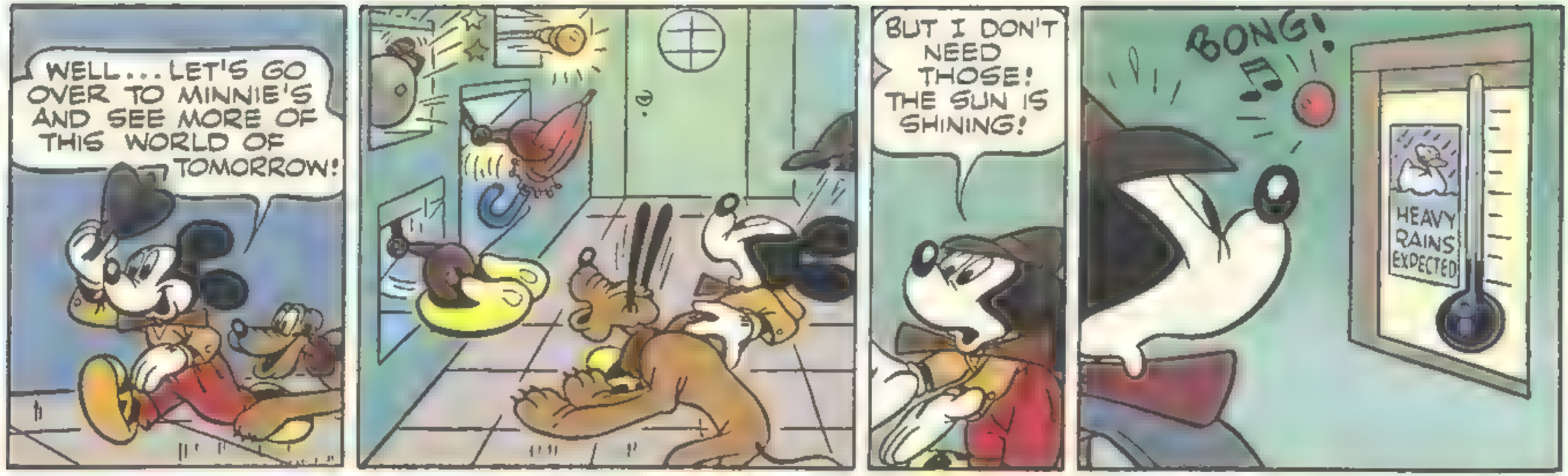
SKY STREET CLEANING DEPT.


WE'LL JUST HAVE TO GET USED TO THIS NEW ERA, PLUTO!
GRR!
YESSIR.... THINGS HAVE CHANGED!
SNIFF? SNUFF?
WHATTA Y' KNOW? A POST-WAR FIRE PLUG!

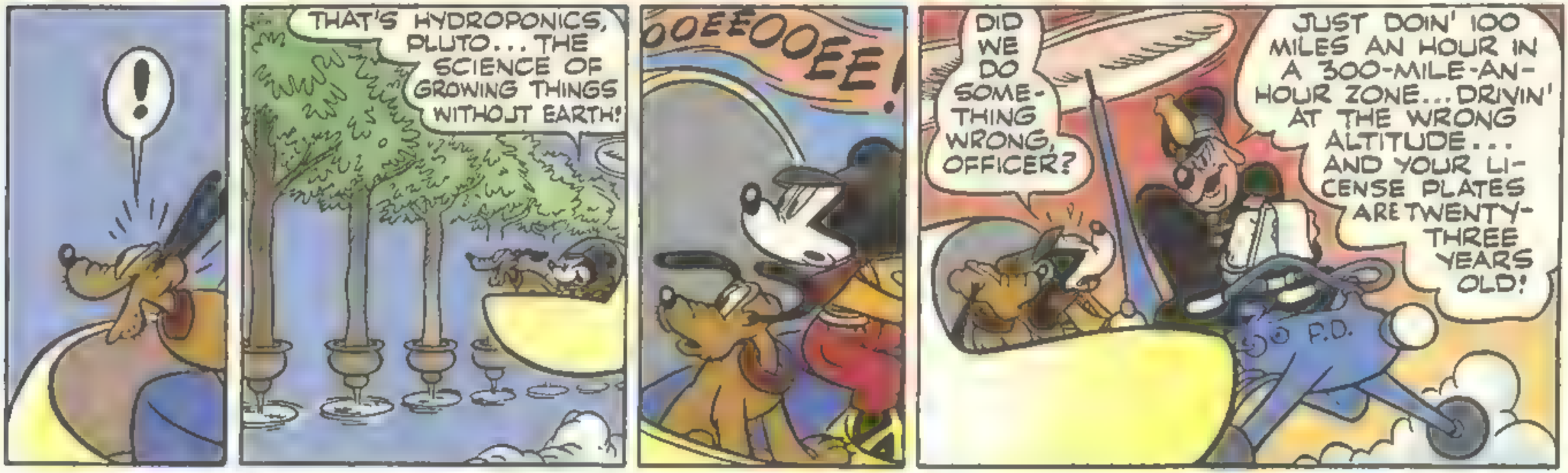

THIS POST-WAR WORLD IS.... DOWN, PLUTO! QUICK!
WHOOSH!
CROSS-CLOUD STREET RR CO.
4TH AND 5TH LEVELS
HEH! HEH! A STREET CAR!
HUH?
SPARE A DIME FOR A CUP OF COFFEE, BUD?

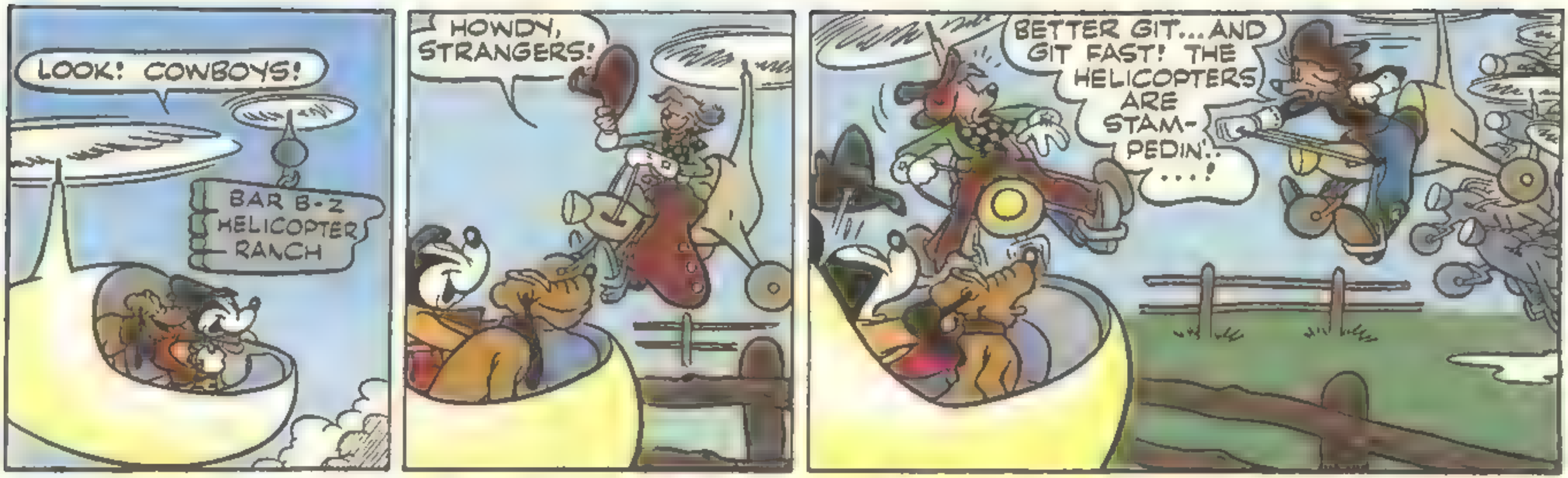

LIVE FISH UNDER THE HALL FLOORS! THIS WORLD OF TOMORROW IS REALLY SOMETHING!
I'D LIKE A BATH BEFORE... DARN! MY WATCH STOPPED! WONDER WHAT TIME IT IS?
CUCKOO! CUCKOO!
YOU'VE HAD YOUR BATH, PLUTO... BUT THIS POST-WAR BATHING GADGET SCARES ME A LITTLE!
OW!
ACHOO!

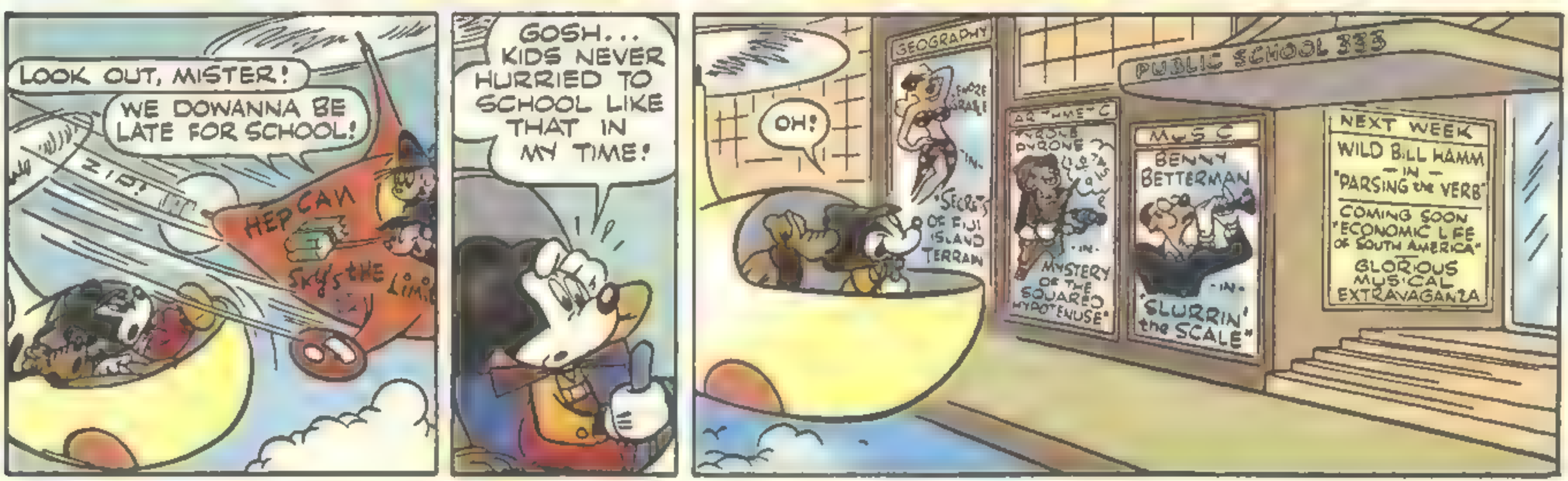

MMM... MINNIE MOUSE .. SKYHIGH 422 ... NOW IF I CAN ONLY WORK THIS POST-WAR 'PHONE...
WHADDYE WANT?
ER... EXCUSE ME... WRONG NUMBER!
GOTTA BE MORE CAREFUL! ... SKY-HIGH... 4-2-2...
THE LINE IS BUSY! MEANTIME, OUR MISS DAISY DELACORTE WILL ENTERTAIN YOU WITH A BRIEF DANCE SOLO!
I THINK WE'RE GOING TO LIKE THIS WORLD OF TOMORROW, PLUTO!
IF I COULD ONLY GET MINNIE'S NUMBER ON THIS NEW-FANGLED 'PHONE...
BACK, PLUTO! IT'S SOME KIND OF MONSTER!
YOU KNOW VERY WELL WHO IT IS, SMARTY! I'M JUST PUTTING ON MY MAKEUP!
MINNIE!
GOSH! I GUESS WOMEN ARE GOING TO BE AS PECULIAR AS EVER IN THIS WORLD OF TOMORROW!
WUFF?

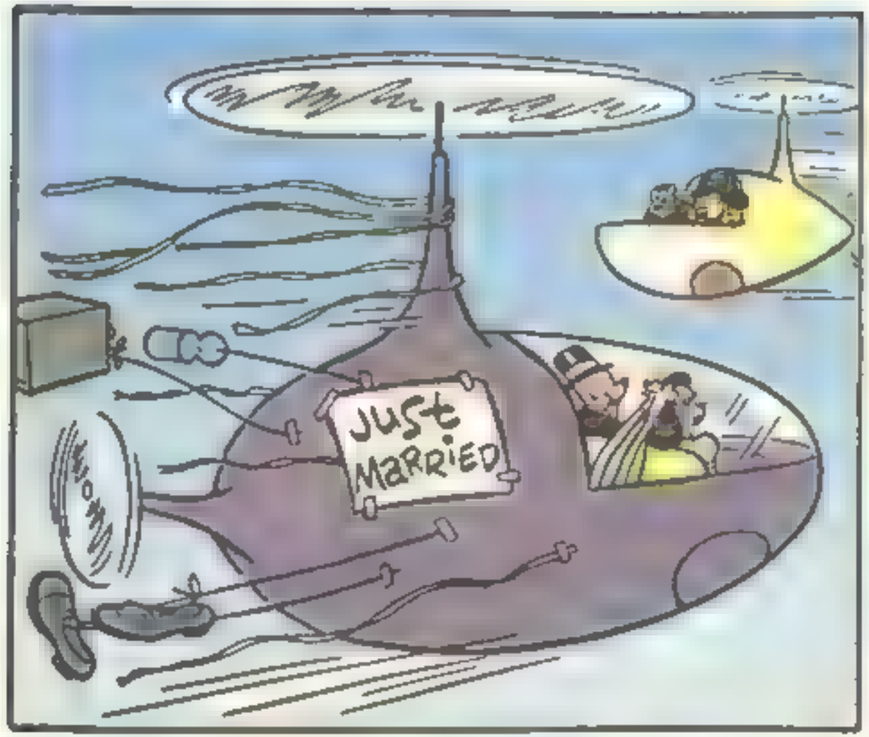

WELL... LET'S GO OVER TO MINNIE'S AND SEE MORE OF THIS WORLD OF TOMORROW!
BUT I DON'T NEED THOSE! THE SUN IS SHINING!
BONG!
HEAVY RAINS EXPECTED
BUT WHAT MAKES THESE BUILDINGS AND THINGS STAY UP IN THE AIR?
THEY'RE ALL MADE OF DE-GRAVITIZED PLASTIC, STRANGER!
WHICH, LIKE THIS STUFF, KILLS THE FORCE OF GRAVITY!
GRAVIT GREASE
GUESS YOU MUST BE SOME OF THEM BACKWARD FOLKS FROM THE CITY BELOW!
HEY!

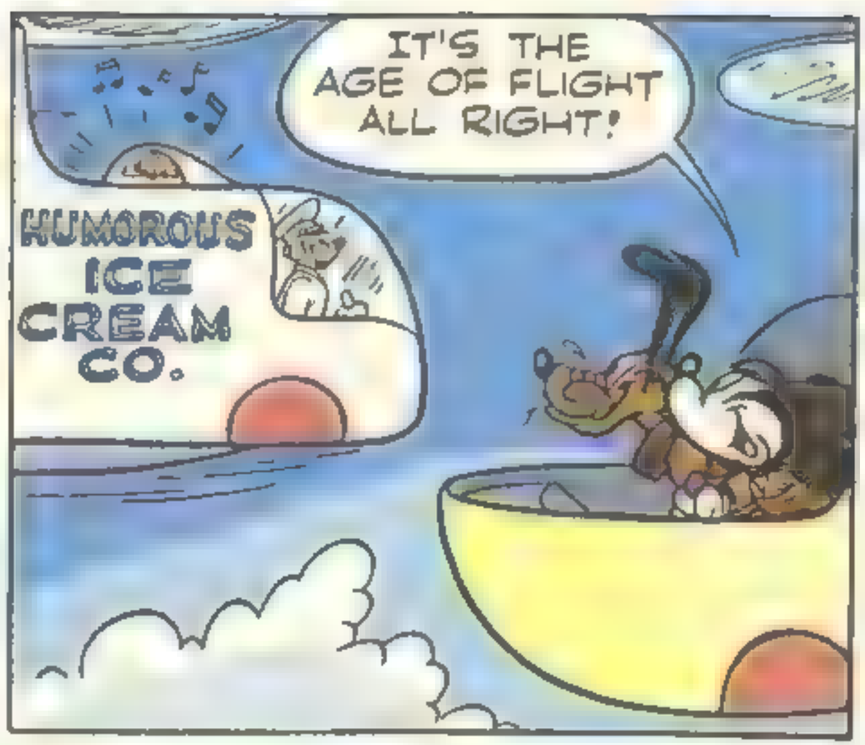
WISE GUY! LUCKY THAT "GRAVITY GREASE" WORE OFF! COME ON, PLUTO!
Ozone Acres
SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE
NO SOOT NO WEEDS NO GUTTERS
A STONE'S THROW FROM THE CITY-
P.D.
SO...THIS IS THE WORLD OF TOMORROW!
CURB SERVICE


!
THAT'S HYDROPONICS, PLUTO... THE SCIENCE OF GROWING THINGS WITHOJT EARTH!
OOEEOOEE!
DID WE DO SOME-THING WRONG, OFFICER?
JUST DOIN' 100 MILES AN HOUR IN A 300-MILE-AN-HOUR ZONE... DRIVIN' AT THE WRONG ALTITUDE... AND YOUR LI-CENSE PLATES ARE TWENTY-THREE YEARS OLD!
P.D.

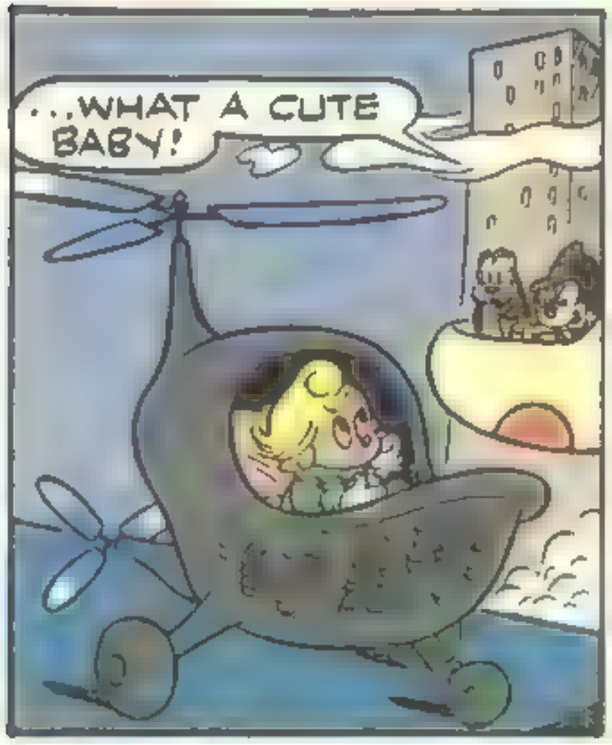

LOOK! COWBOYS!
BAR B-Z HELICOPTER RANCH
HOWDY, STRANGERS!
BETTER GIT...AND GIT FAST! THE HELICOPTERS ARE STAM-PEDIN'.. ...!


LOOK OUT, MISTER!
WE DOWANNA BE LATE FOR SCHOOL!
ZIP!
HEP CAT
GOSH... KIDS NEVER HURRIED TO SCHOOL LIKE THAT IN MY TIME!
OH!
GEOGRAPHY
"SECRETS OF FIJI ISLAND TERRAIN"
MYSTERY OF THE SQUARED HYPOTENUSE"
BENNY BETTERMAN
"SLURRIN' the SCALE"
PUBLIC SCHOOL 333
NEXT WEEK
WILD BILL HAMM
— IN —
"PARSING the VERB"
COMING SOON
"ECONOMIC LIFE of SOUTH AMERICA"
GLORIOUS MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA

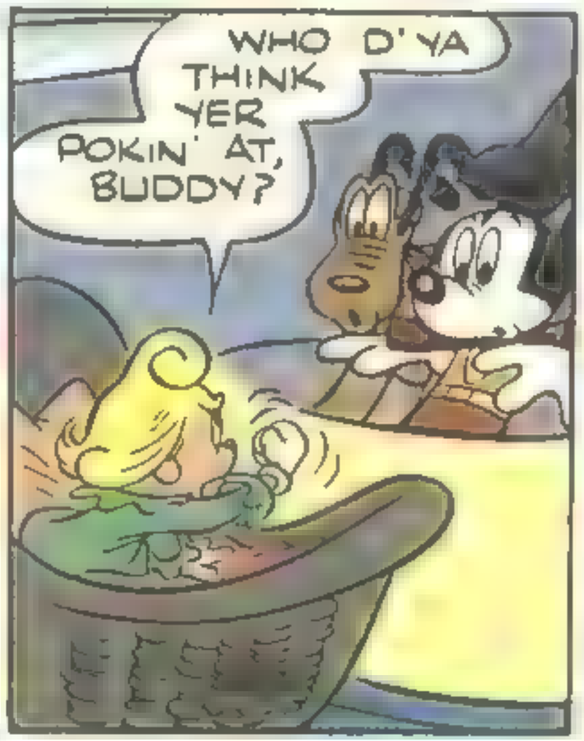

JUST MARRIED
VROOM

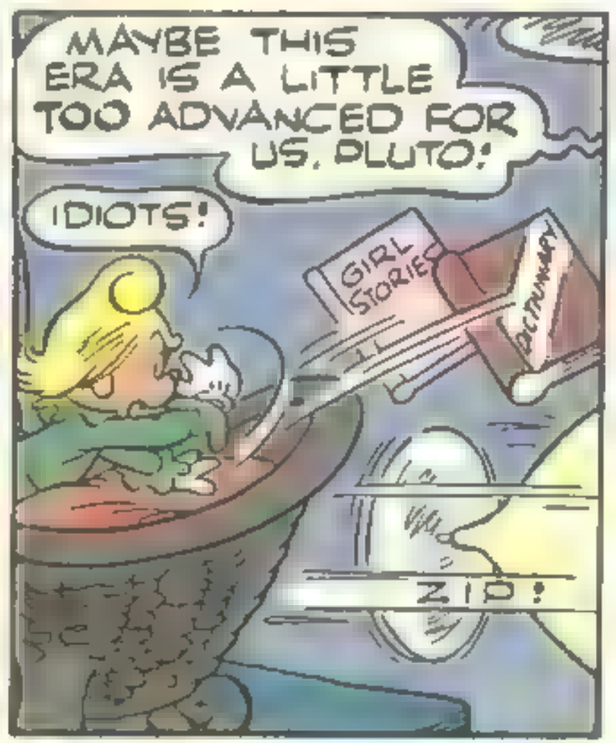

IT'S THE AGE OF FLIGHT ALL RIGHT!
HUMOROUS ICE CREAM CO.

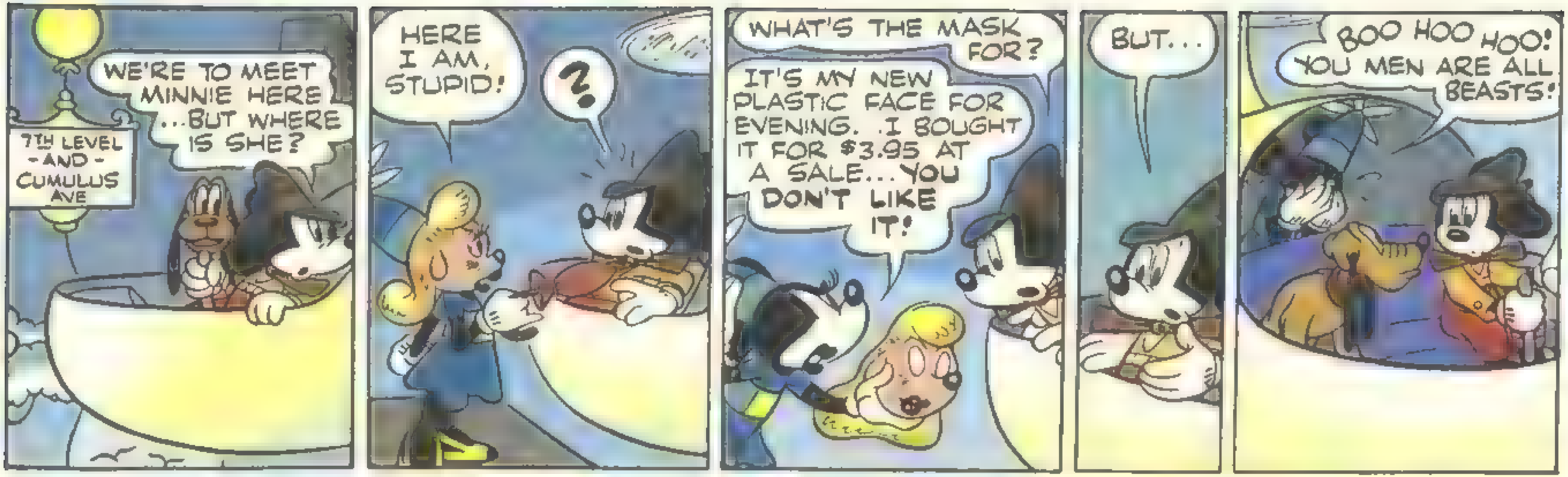
GEE... EVEN THE EAGLES HAVE BEEN DOMES-TICATED!
EAT AT JOE'S EAGLE'S NEST
FLOOR SHOWS NIGHTLY

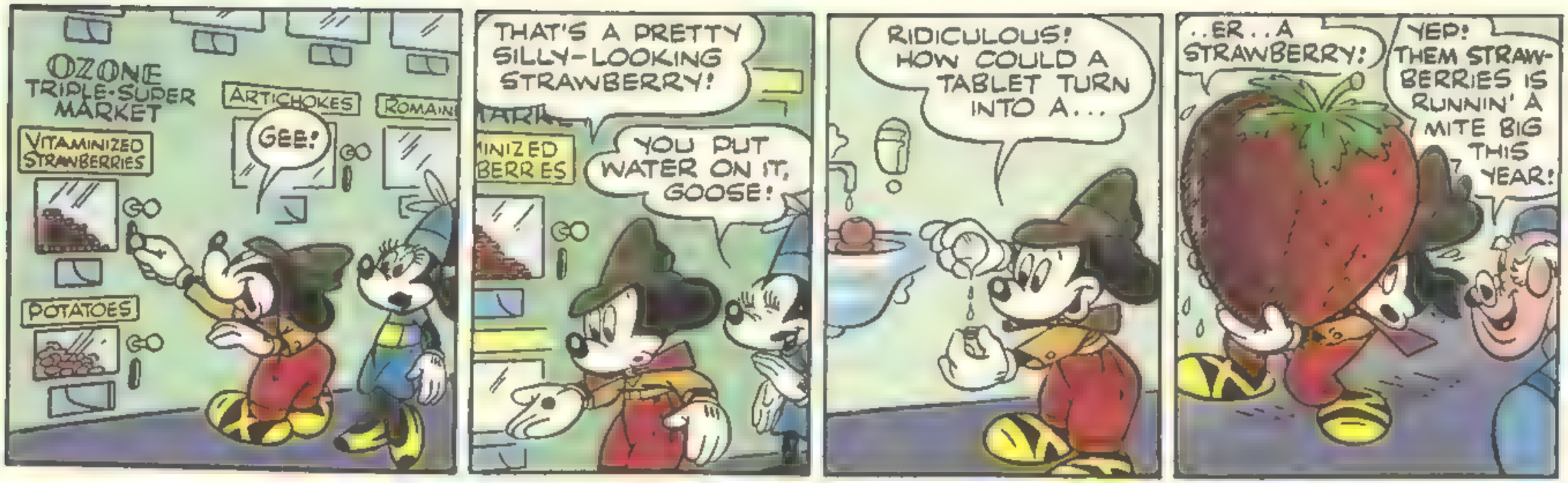

...WHAT A CUTE BABY!

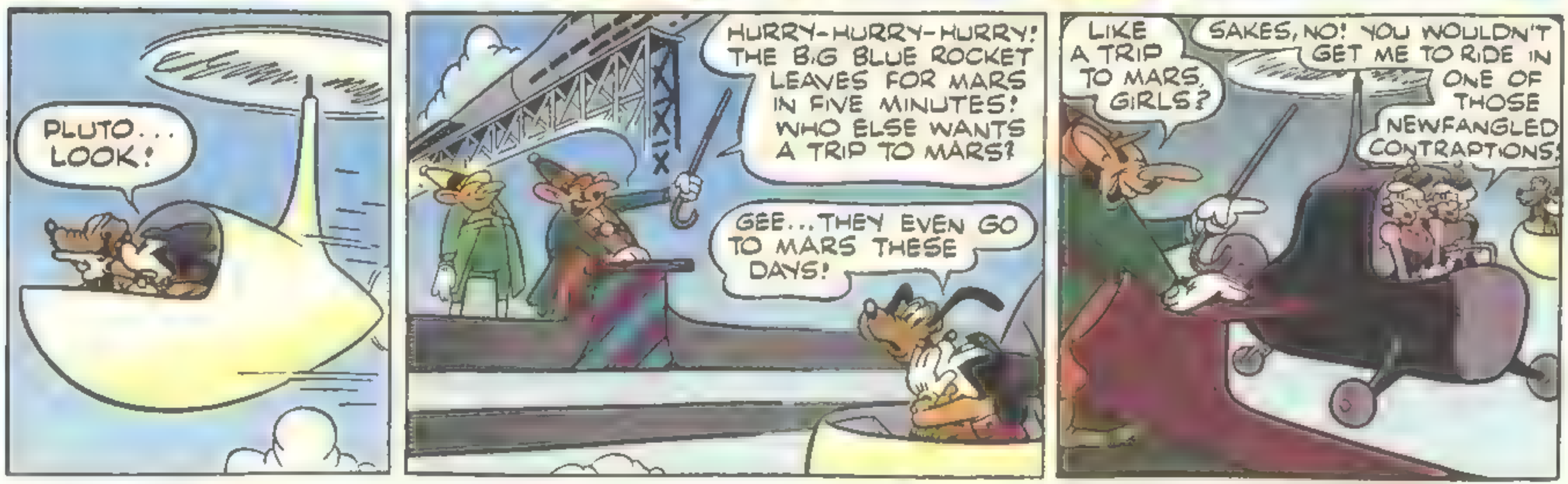
KOOTCHY-KOOTCHY-KOO!
HEY...

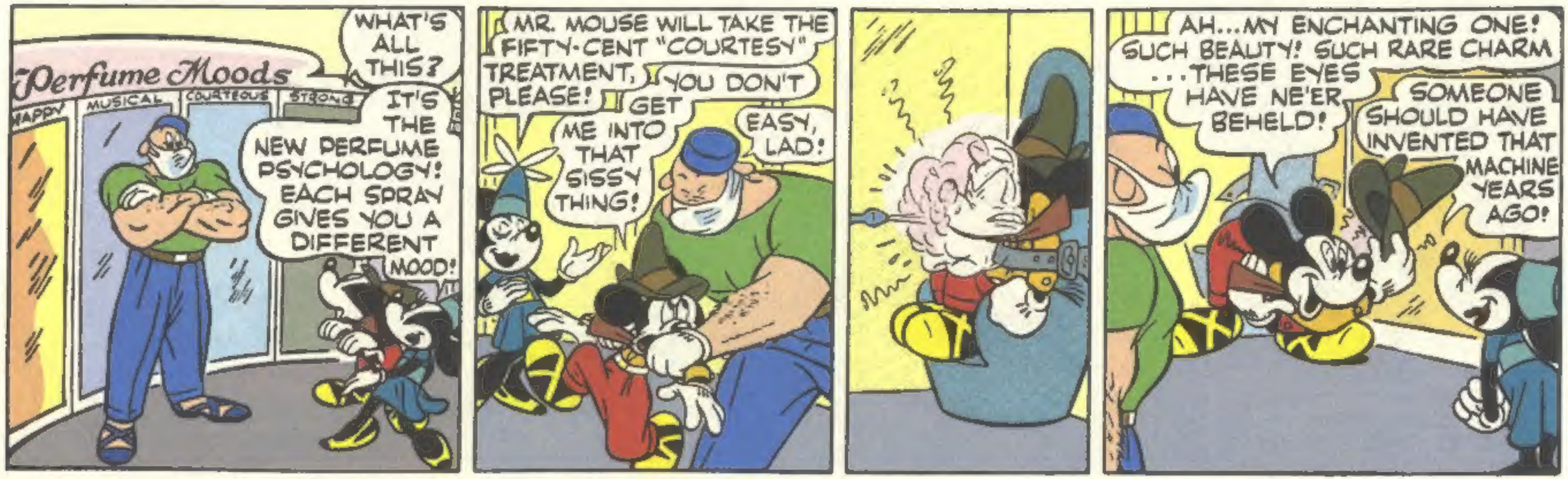

WHO D'YA THINK YER POKIN' AT, BUDDY?


MAYBE THIS ERA IS A LITTLE TOO ADVANCED FOR US, PLUTO!
IDIOTS!
GIRL STORIES
ZIP!


7TH LEVEL -AND- CUMULUS AVE
WE'RE TO MEET MINNIE HERE ...BUT WHERE IS SHE?
HERE I AM, STUPID!
?
WHAT'S THE MASK FOR?
IT'S MY NEW PLASTIC FACE FOR EVENING. .I BOUGHT IT FOR $3.95 AT A SALE... YOU DON'T LIKE IT!
BUT...
BOO HOO HOO! YOU MEN ARE ALL BEASTS!
COME IN THE MARKET WITH ME, MICKEY! I'LL GET SOME THINGS FOR OUR PICNIC!
TRIPLE-SUPE
FREE PARK NG
NO DOGS ALLOWED
BY ORDER OF BOARD OF HEALTH.
GEE... WHAT A LAYOUT!
ELECTRIC EYE
FOR SHAME YOU BAD DOG YOU! FOR SHAME! YOU TRIED TO SNEAK IN THE MARKET! BAD!

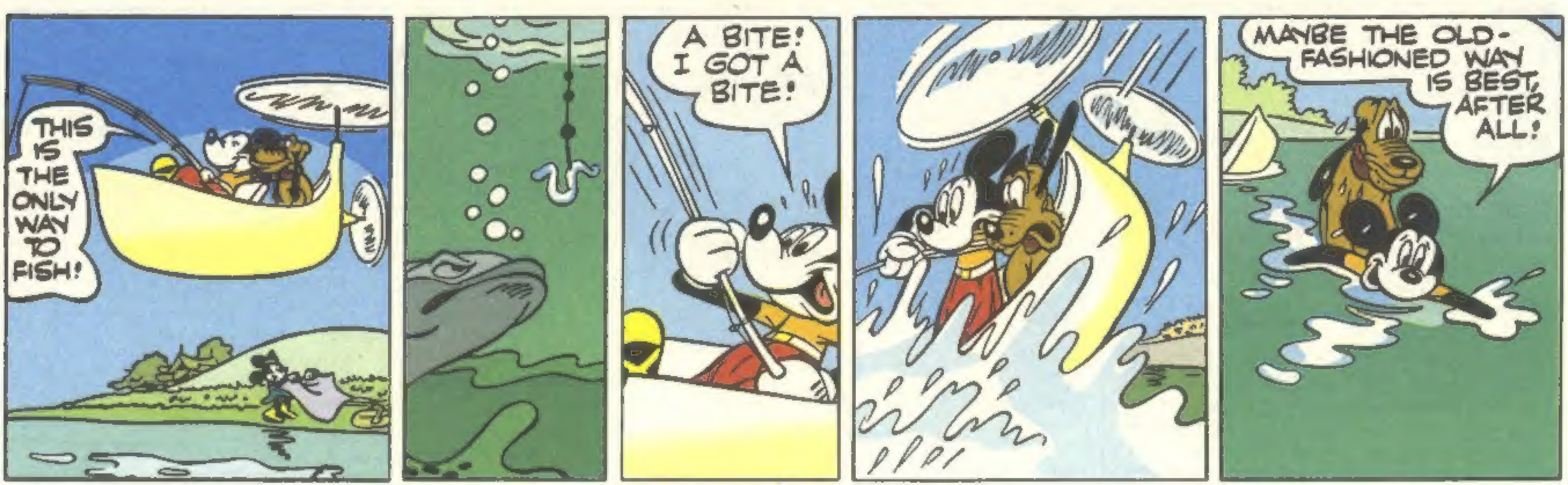

OZONE TRIPLE-SUPER MARKET
VITAMINIZED STRAWBERRIES
ARTICHOKES
ROMAIN
POTATOES
GEE!
GO
THAT'S A PRETTY SILLY-LOOKING STRAWBERRY!
YOU PUT WATER ON IT, GOOSE!
RIDICULOUS! HOW COULD A TABLET TURN INTO A...
..ER..A STRAWBERRY!
YEP! THEM STRAWBERRIES IS RUNNIN' A MITE BIG THIS YEAR!


PLUTO... LOOK!
HURRY-HURRY-HURRY! THE BIG BLUE ROCKET LEAVES FOR MARS IN FIVE MINUTES! WHO ELSE WANTS A TRIP TO MARS?
GEE...THEY EVEN GO TO MARS THESE DAYS!
LIKE A TRIP TO MARS, GIRLS?
SAKES, NO! YOU WOULDN'T GET ME TO RIDE IN ONE OF THOSE NEWFANGLED CONTRAPTIONS!


Perfume Moods
HAPPY
MUSICAL
COURTEOUS
STRONG
WHAT'S ALL THIS?
IT'S THE NEW PERFUME PSYCHOLOGY! EACH SPRAY GIVES YOU A DIFFERENT MOOD!
MR. MOUSE WILL TAKE THE FIFTY-CENT "COURTESY" TREATMENT, PLEASE!
YOU DON'T GET ME INTO THAT SISSY THING!
EASY, LAD!
AH...MY ENCHANTING ONE! SUCH BEAUTY! SUCH RARE CHARM ...THESE EYES HAVE NE'ER BEHELD!
SOMEONE SHOULD HAVE INVENTED THAT MACHINE YEARS AGO!

LET ME DRIVE! YOU MEN ARE SO HELPLESS ABOUT MECHANICAL THINGS!
THERE'S A NICE SPOT!
THE COUNTRYSIDE IN CHINA IS IDEAL FOR PICNICS!
CHINA! ARE YOU CRAZY?
...WE WEREN'T FLYING LONG ENOUGH TO GET OUT OF...
警告
黃日惡

NOW JUST A LITTLE WATER AND...
PRESTO! EVERYTHING SANITARY! EVERYTHING PERFECT!
IT LOOKS SWELL, MINNIE... BUT...
GEE... A PICNIC JUST ISN'T A PICNIC WITHOUT ANTS!


THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO FISH!
A BITE! I GOT A BITE!
MAYBE THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY IS BEST, AFTER ALL!

GOSH...WE'LL BE CAUGHT IN THE RAIN!

DON'T WORRY! I BROUGHT THE COLLAPSIBLE HOUSE!

A HOUSE?

OF COURSE, SILLY! JUST PEEL IT AN SET IT UP...!

RRRR!

SNAP!

CRUNCH!

THIS MAY BE THE WORLD OF TOMORROW... BUT I SEE NO ONE'S DONE ANYTHING ABOUT THE WEATHER YET!

!

WOW!

HEK!... HEK!

HAR! HAR!

SYNTHETIC LIGHTNING

TO BE CONTINUED!

COMICS COMMENTS

P.O. Box 2079, Prescott, AZ 86302

Dear Gladstone Disney Comics,

Hello. My name is Chris Stafford and I am 11 years old. By age 11 most boys like me talk about the marriage of Spider-Man, the death of Superman, the X-Men cartoon, etc. But I honestly prefer Disney. My collection is made up of everything from **Mickey and Donald** #14 from Gladstone generation #1, to **Walt Disney's Comics and Stories** #550 from Disney Comics, to **Walt Disney's Comics and Stories** #586 from Gladstone generation #2. I enjoyed you four years ago, and I enjoy you now. In my opinion, Gladstone generation #1 was good, Walt Disney Publishing did better, and Gladstone generation #2 is best! Keep those presses rolling!

Chris Stafford
Casper, WY

Dear Gladstone,

I'd like to say "Hurray!" for your return to Disney comics. I liked and bought every title in your first series. Your second series is even better now! I was happy to find that you stuck to the nice clean white paper, not like the newspaper print that you used to use. I also like the color. It's just like in the comic albums in the **Carl Bark Library** series. (One thing I've wondered is why Disney colored the ducks' eyes blue and you don't!)

I also want to know if you still have any back issues from your first series. If so can you send me a list of what you have? Thanks and welcome back!

A Loyal Disney Fan
Ferquin N.C. Root
Renton, WA

To blue the eyes or not to blue the eyes . . . it's pretty much a matter of interpretation. We've always felt Barks had already drawn in everything the eyes needed. Why gild the lily?

No back issues of our first series are currently available from us. We are working on a remedy for this situation.

Bruce Hamilton—President/Publisher
Richard Hinton—Associate Publisher
Helen Hamilton—Secretary/Treasurer
Leonard (John) Clark—Editor
Geoffrey Blum—Associate Editor
Gary Gabner—Assistant Editor
Gary Leach—Art Director
Susan Daigle-Leach—Production Mgr.
Michael Myers—Production Assistant
Steve Cairow—Subscriptions
Janet Dvorak—Circulation
Deborah Jones—Accounting
Colleen Winkler—Order Processing
Mary Jane Cullumber—Mail Orders
Jason S. Killian—Shipping

Dear Editor,

In **Walt Disney's Comics and Stories** #586 is Dippy Dawg Goofy? If not, who is he?

Your Friend,
Jamie Anderson
Littleton, CO

Dippy Dawg is indeed Goofy, or at least the beginning of Goofy (rather as a puppy is the beginning of a full grown dog).

Dear Gary,

I have been a Disney comic fan for many years. I am 62 and still enjoying Walt Disney stories and adventures. However, I am confused about the distribution of **Walt Disney's Comics and Stories** #586. I read all the information offered in the issue, but could find no mention of why this issue would carry a Marvel distribution logo and a "1st issue" blurb on the cover. I admit I have missed a few issues and the information could have been explained and I missed it.

Still Confused,
Hazel Martin

*For reasons much too convoluted to explain here, Hazel, Gladstone was dissolved as an actual publishing company and absorbed into the recently formed The Bruce Hamilton Company, which now employs Gladstone as a trademark under which to publish the Disney comics for the direct retail market. The **newsstand** market is being serviced for The Bruce Hamilton Company by Marvel, according to a contract directing that the Marvel logo appear in place of the Gladstone logo on the copies Marvel distributes.*

*The "1st issue" blurb simply meant it was **our** first since we resumed publication of the "traditional" Disney titles. It appears on **all** copies of that issue.*

Dear Editor,

I think that you should make **Walt Disney's Comics and Stories**, **Uncle Scrooge**, **Donald Duck**, **Donald Duck Adventures**, **Uncle Scrooge Adventures** and **Donald and Mickey** once a month, not once every two months.

Ravin Oranges
Hamden, NY

If sales warrant, Ravin, that may happen!

This Issue's Credits.

Front cover by William Van Horn, colored by Gary Leach.

Donald Duck in "Spotless Don," written, drawn and lettered by William Van Horn, colored by Susan Daigle-Leach.

Mickey Mouse in "The World of Tomorrow," part one, written by Bill Walsh, penciled by Floyd Gottfredson, inked by Dick Moores (KFS 7/31-11/11/44), colored by Janice Parker-Cohen.

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE
DECEMBER 7th!

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